

CHARIVARIA.

THE announcement by the PRIME MINISTER of the existence of a War Book which contains our plans for the co-ordination of all our Departments of State in time of war has, we understand, given an immense fillip to the German Spy Industry.

Shortly after the Government majority sank to three the other day, a big black beetle was seen to be crawling across the floor of the House. We do not ask if this was an omen, but what we do ask is, where was the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS that it should be left for a Private Member to slay the intruder?

The real cause of the collapse of the Dock Strike has now leaked out. Mr. TILLET, it seems, could think of no more names to call Lord DEVONPORT, and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would not help him.

The local expenditure of Ireland, a White Paper informs us, last year exceeded the revenue by £845,000. As a trial trip for a National Debt this is not bad.

Hastings Castle was offered for sale by auction, but the reserve price was not reached. This is astonishing in view of the fact that the Eugenics Congress had been recommending the open-air life.

We have received a number of letters complaining of the insufferably haughty demeanour recently adopted by house-breakers towards members of other professions, and our correspondents are at a loss to discover a reason for this sudden exhibition of truculence. We fancy that the reason is to be found in a few thoughtless words uttered by Professor SAMUEL SMITH, of Minnesota University, at the Eugenics Conference. "If I were to choose my own father," said the Professor, "I would rather have a robust burglar than a consumptive bishop."

Since the statement made by Professor MICHELS of Turin at the Eugenics Conference to the effect that physical beauty is essential to success in political leadership, certain members of our House of Commons have, we hear, been inundated with advertising matter from sanguine beauty doctors of questionable taste.

"A perambulator," says Father BERNARD VAUGHAN, "is better than a motor-car." It spite of this pronouncement the price of motor-cars is keeping up wonderfully.

According to recent figures Switzerland holds the world's record for divorces. For every 100,000 inhabitants there are forty-three divorces annually—and there is great competition for these.

The comparative criminal statistics of the sexes, just published, show that

Mr. ASQUITH, according to *The Daily Mail*, is going to Canada in a battleship. This is becoming the PREMIER's favourite method of travelling. It has not yet occurred to a Suffragette to disguise herself as an Admiral.

Mr. BEN TILLET announces that the Strike Committee are considering the question of stamping a medal for those who held out to the end. Such a medal, we take it, would be so worn as to show the reverse.

To prevent the possibility of a recurrence of the theft of miniatures, the Royal Academy will, we hear, insist in future that the dimensions of these articles shall be at least five feet by six.

The fact that rabbits, by squeaking, saved the lives of a family of six whose cottage was on fire has led a philanthropic burglar to suggest that these gentle creatures should be more generally employed to guard houses in the place of bloodthirsty dogs.

A freak bolt of lightning, the well-informed *Express* tells us, recently played about a cat in Amityville, Long Island, shaving his head clean of whiskers and hair, but otherwise not harming him. According, however, to private advice reaching us, puss is sorry he escaped, as he is now discovering that all his friends have a perverted sense of humour.

Secrets of the Slaughter-House.

"Eleven sheep, destined to be veal this afternoon, were being driven along King street east."—*Toronto Daily Star*.

This species is new to us, though we have seen many a rabbit destined to be minced chicken.

"Last night, at the New Pavilion, Miss Cecilia Dare presented a little play of some merit, entitled *She Stoops to Conquer*. The play seems rather drawn out in parts, much of it being somewhat irrelevant, but on the whole it is a pretty and an amusing piece, and well worth seeing."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

In spite of calls, however, the author did not appear.

We are asked to state that, as a compliment to the Australian cricketers who are over here for the summer, the home authorities have made an exceptional arrangement for an All-England team to play a two-innings match against them before they return to the Antipodes.



"LOOK 'ERE! YER BLOWS UP THE PIPE AND I ARSTS YER WOT YER WANTS, AND YER BLOWS IN MY EAR, AND WHEN I ARSTS YER WOTCHER DOIN' OF, YER BLOWS IN MY EAR AGAIN."

women are much more law-abiding than men. Militant Suffragettes, however, hope to remedy this.

Many women in the West End, it is said, have had curls stolen from their heads as they looked into shop windows. The prize for cool daring, however, still goes to the smart young fellow who snatched a tooth stopped with gold from the mouth of an old gentleman who was yawning.

"CHAT ON 'CHANGE
BUCKS REEF RETURNS."

We are glad to hear of this. We had been much worried by the disappearance of this thorough-going sportsman.

ELEVEN TO ONE ON THE FIELD.

[Another Objection to Cricket.]

THERE are who scent its near decline,
This hallowed game of hunt-the-leather,
Where, for the most part, wet or shine,
Both sides are beaten by the weather;
But, while I sympathise with their report
Who say it rather lacks excitement,
Against its very nature as a sport
I have to bring a worse indictment.

In other games of manly skill,
As when towards the puny pocket
Our weapons push the devious pill
Over the sandy coves that block it;
When on the tennis lawn we lightly press
Feet that recall a Russian ballet,
Or shove our pawns about (I speak of chess),
Or thunder down a skittle alley;—

In trials such as these we catch
An image of the old duello:
The scales are balanced; 'tis a match—
Yourself against the other fellow;
Or, if you choose to play with more a-side,
That does not make the combat gruesome;
There are no odds to chill your trembling hide
At footer in a twenty-twosome.

So all the finer games are played;
No man is pitted *contra mundum*;
But when the batsman, wanting aid,
Looks round the field he finds each one dumb;
A lone, pathetic figure there he stands
And sees, against himself obtruded,
Eleven horrid pairs of eyes and hands
(The umpires not, of course, included).

For him the crafty trundler goes
(The other ten are on the *qui vive*)
With wiles as serpentine as those
Employed by Satan to deceive Eve;
One single friend (who sometimes runs him out)
Stands useless at the other wicket;
The two are baited, turn and turn about,
Eleven to one. And this is cricket!

So in the game of Bull v. Men
We've seen the noble beast at Seville,
Badly outnumbered, one to ten,
Standing at bay, poor lonely devil;
And gravely said, "These cruel, cruel odds
Affront our sporting conscience, which is
A purely native product (praise the gods!)
Bred on the soil of British pitches!"

O. S.

A Literary Scandal.

The *Globe* on St. James's Park:—

"The park in which the second Charles shot wild-fowl and flirted
with Mistress Elinor Glyn."

The *Daily Sketch*, commenting on the statement of Dr.
GINI, that the births of eminent people occurred most fre-
quently in winter, mentions

"the names of a few men who have gained some sort of a place in
the sun, despite the handicap of having been born in the summer time.
... June:—Charles Grace, Mr. Balfour and Reade, the Prince of
George Bernard Shaw . . . August:—Tennyson, Sir George White,
Joseph Walter Scott, and Robert Chamberlain, Sir Joshua Herrick."

It looks as though somebody in the Editorial department
had also had a place in the sun.

A FAR-EASTERN ZOO.

DR. CHALMERS MITCHELL is a wise and ingenious organ-
iser, and London should be very proud of him for the skill
and imagination which he brings to bear on the steady
improvement of the Zoo; but not even he, with all his
thoughtfulness, has hit on the device of publishing a guide to
the Gardens in broken English. Everyone has his limita-
tion, his weak spot; and this is Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL'S.
The Director of the Kyoto Zoological Gardens in Japan
knows better, and the result lies before me as I write: a
thin gaily-coloured book issued in the present year, the
work of one whose self-reliance as a writer of English is
equalled only by his charming desire to impart information.
Photographs illustrate it, among them one of "Sacred
Cranes and Youngs" and "Lion Cub which was nursed
by human," and at the end is a map of the Gardens which
is a model of simplicity and of solicitude for the well-being
of the visitor. Helpfulness is indeed the note of the book.
"In case," writes the Director, "of any inquiry or sudden
shower, kindly call at our office (D)" [on the map] "then we
will render possible assistance." He appends a list of Reg-
ulations, of which No. III. runs thus: "Those under the
influence of liquors or of mental reasons, who seems to
trouble the Order of the Garden, could be refused"—and
quite right too! Regulation IV. provides that "Disorderly
Person shall be expelled at once;" and Regulation V. makes
it illegal "to enter with dogs or others."

So much for the Order of the Garden; now for its history
and its denizens. The Kyoto Zoo is in Okazaki Park:
"the place is pretty good and the view on all sides is very
fine." In No. 1 cage is the Water Bird and among its
occupants is the Crane—"so called Holy-birds respected
and to be called the King of birds from their noble nature."
Instruction pours from our author. Polar bears "run
swiftly in spite of their fatty body;" striped hyenas "have
splendid long mane on all parts of their back;" and so
forth. Only once does he break down, and that is in the
Ostrich House: "as this is well-known bird, no explanation
is needed." The Kyoto Lioness "had four offsprings in
February, 1910, and three ones again in December, 1911;"
the Kyoto specimen of Japanese Wild Boar "was brought
up by milk while young, so lost its natural fierceness."
No. 20 is the Elephant Enclosure: "none at present, but
negotiation is going on to purchase one sooner or later on.
We expect Indian elephant which is better than African in
all respects." The segregation of the young lion is thus
explained: "As parental lion and lioness were moved to
new house, so the young lion was transformed here, as this
young lion was cast out after its birth from his mother."
"Our Bactrian," says the author, "is the offspring born
between two Camels, one granted by the Royal Family
and another given by General Oku after Russo-Japanese
War." At the end he says: "We expect to print better
guide books later on;" but it is to be hoped that he will do
nothing of the sort. There is a kindly communicativeness
about this little work which revision might damage.

A book of this kind is badly needed in Regent's Park.
Every visitor must have noticed the want. Dr. CHALMERS
MITCHELL'S own little guide has many good points, but its
English is painfully impeccable.

"A familiar step on the path brought him back to the present,
bridging the scant decade in a single breath."—"Daily Mirror" feuilleton.
By the author of "The Bridge Breathers" or "Steps that
Pant."

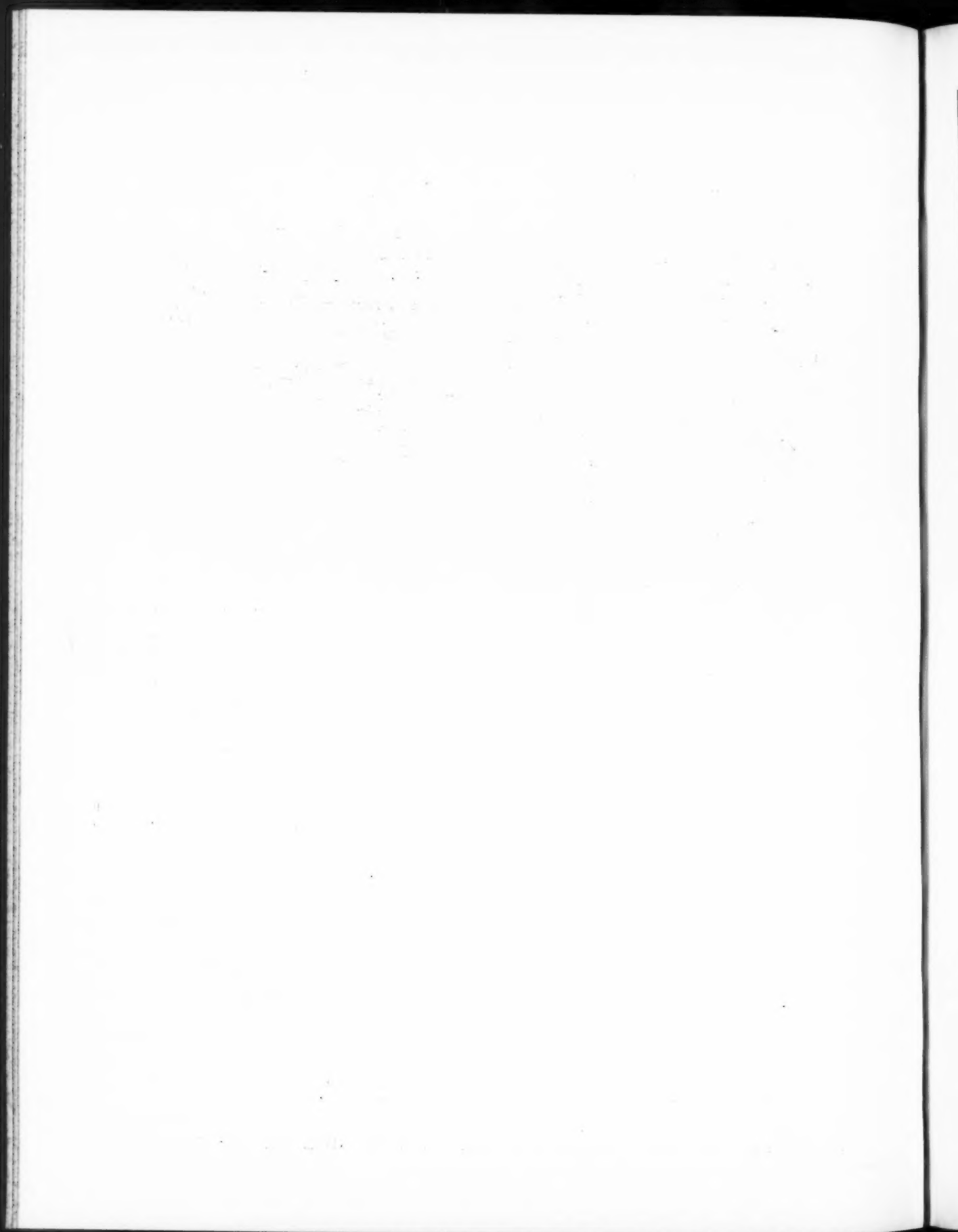
"STONE WALLERS WANTED."—Advt. in "Yorkshire Post."
They've got OLDROYD; what more do they want?

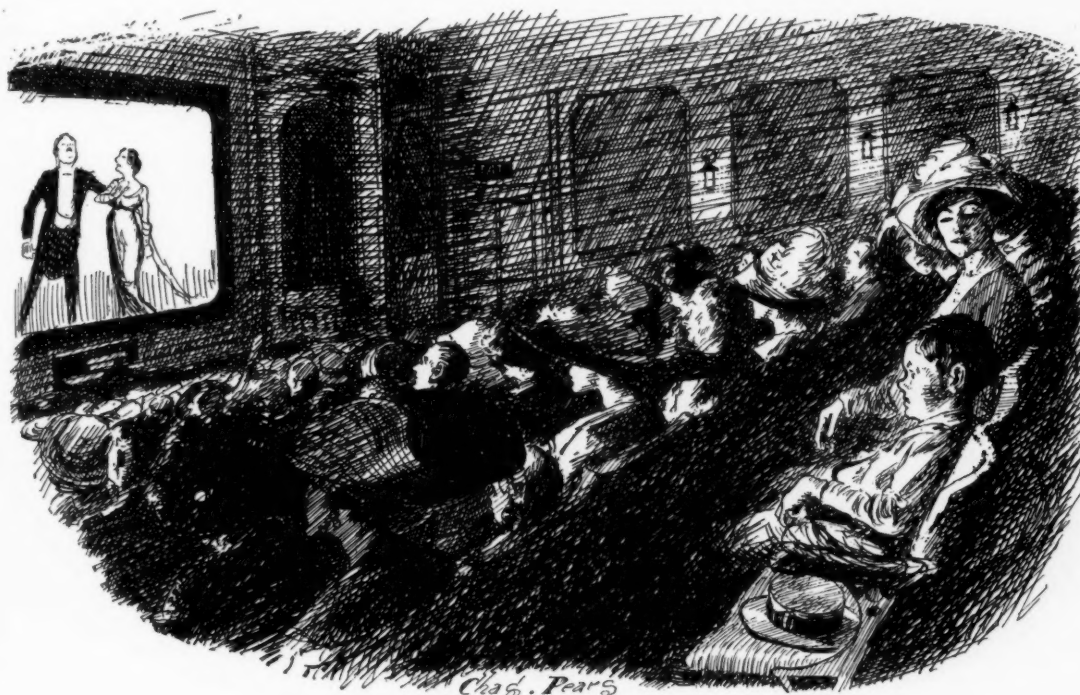


THE TAXABLE ELEMENT.

FIRST LORD. "THE SEA FOR ME!"

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "WELL, YOU CAN HAVE IT. GIVE ME THE LAND!"





THE CINEMA AS AN EDUCATIVE FORCE.

Tommy (a regular attendee at cinematograph shows, during the performance of a society drama). "IS THAT THE TRUSTING HUSBAND OR THE AMOROUS LOVER?"

TO ANTIQUARIANS AND OTHERS.

A CORNISH RIVIERA correspondent, whose wife has just returned from a visit to the London Sales, asks us to draw attention to the following list of bargains. He wishes to point out that no "job goods" have been purchased for his sale, but that it is his own private collection that he is offering to the public. His catalogue, from which a brief selection is here given, extends to over a hundred pages.

B 52.—To Moth - Collectors. No blank evenings. Sure find. A superb Fur Coat.

G 193.—Two Thermometers, slightly out of form this year, but had an average of 83·2 last summer. Will exchange for Rain-gauge or Anemometer.

J 4.—Swerve while you serve. Elegant Tennis-racket, frayed in the centre, but with excellent edges. Embossed handle of remarkable design. Has been to Wimbledon.

P 261.—One Goggle. The only Monogoggle in existence. Unique opportunity for Nuts. Would create a sensation at Brooklands.

R 99.—To Non-Pothunters. Stout-hearted Tricycle. The only form of

locomotion in which there is no professionalism. Offered as the owner is going abroad. Two Rubber Tyres and a spare Gear-case. Almost given away to anyone who will promise it a kind home.

T 8.—2½ pairs of Pads. Brown tinge, and useful as ordinary leggings or could be curtailed and employed as Hockey shin-guards. As used at Stockholm.

W 53.—*Cui bono?* To you, Sir (or Madam). 12 doz. fruity Ginger Beer, held over from last season. Soft, nutty, rather full, very ripe, good style, showing well, with dry finish. A very fine Parcel. Half-bots., half-price.

X 1.—A curious Brassie. Beautifully curved shaft, and would suit a slicer. Does not play on Sundays. Has been used as a fishing-rod, and is thoroughly adaptable.

Z 3.—A Bathing Tent fitted with all modern luxuries. To be sold for climatic reasons, or would exchange for a pair of unpunctured Goloshes.

AA 6.—Think of next Winter. A pair of Skates, as skated upon by one of the best exponents of the gliding art. Completely screwed, and with straps suitable for rug-bundles. Fit any boot.

CC 10.—Set of elliptic Croquet Balls. Designed to equalise the best and worst players. Handicapping dispensed with. Newly painted in the best art colours. Not sold singly.

GIPSY LUCK.

A BIT o' silver to cross me palm . . .
So . . . now to East'ard turn ye,
An', for day or night, for storm or calm,
The Gipsy Luck I'll learn ye.

Ye'll need a staff from a yew-tree
lopped,
Where one ye loved be lyin';
An', to stick in yer cap, a feather dropped
From a bird above ye flyin'.

Nex', sling yer old shoes over yer back
An' carry a four-leaf clover;
Then put a white stone into yer pack,
An' turn it three times over.

An', last, ye must wear some ragged
thing,
An' still be barefoot goin',
As ye count, nine nights, in a fairy-ring,
The first nine stars a-showin'.

Then, though all earth an' heaven above
Sends none to help or heed ye,
Just ask what ye list, or seek yer love,
An' the Gipsy Luck'll lead ye.

EX-PREMIER AS JOURNALIST.

REMARKABLE OFFER TO MR. BALFOUR.

LORD MORLEY, in a recent speech, observed that five of the last Prime Ministers had made a mark in the realm of books, and "if they had been drawn by the necessities of life into journalism, he, in his editorial days, would have guaranteed any one of the five a very excellent salary."

The remarks of Lord MORLEY, in view of the fact that two of these five Prime Ministers are at present available, have not fallen upon deaf ears. The Editor of *The Scottish Treachy* has, we understand, addressed the following insidious letter to Mr. A. J. BALFOUR:—

DEAR SIR,—Your recent resignation of the Leadership of the Unionist Party having synchronised with a renewal of your active participation in pastime, it has occurred to me to make a proposal which I honestly believe would be likely to conduce at once to the profit of my readers and to your own personal advantage.

I have long contemplated extending the scope of my journal so as to consecrate to the serious discussion of pastime something of the same earnest attention which for many years I have devoted to politics, theology and *belles lettres*, and have only been delayed in carrying out this scheme by the difficulty of finding a writer adequately equipped for the task. Of course I use the term "pastime" with limitations; auction-bridge, prize-fighting and pigeon-shooting, for example, are *ex hypothesi* unsuitable for treatment in the pages of *The Scottish Treachy*. But, on the other hand, golf, lawn-tennis and croquet are in no way antagonistic to the basic principles of my journal. They afford wholesome recreation, and they distract brain-workers from too sedulous an attention to the graver affairs of life. Moreover, as your own example proves, proficiency in these pursuits is no bar to the attainment of the highest distinction in the service of the state.

I am, therefore, not without the hope that you may see your way to undertake the editorship of the Pastime Department of *The Scottish Treachy* and contribute as part of your duties a weekly article animated by that spirit which has always been characteristic

of the work of my distinguished collaborator, the Rev. Tiberius Mudd. That is to say, while duly accentuating the personal note so essential to up-to-date journalism, your weekly *causerie* should remain throughout on a plane of refined spirituality and optimistic unction.

Perhaps I can best adumbrate my meaning by suggesting a few subjects and the manner in which they might be treated. A sub-leader on Stymlies might, I think, be made both helpful and stimulating by drawing contrasts and parallels between golf and real life. You might show how obstacles can be evaded or surmounted. "The Hazards of Life," again, occurs to me as a subject rich in potentialities. Another fine topic is the legitimate use of expletives such as "Bother it!" "Dear

Finally there remains the matter of signature. Naturally I should prefer that you should sign your contributions with your name in full. But should you incline to the adoption of a pseudonym, may I suggest "Marcus Mull," or "A Man of Fife," or "Simeon Stymies," or "Timothy Tantallon."

Trusting that I may be favoured with an early answer, I remain, with much respect, yours faithfully,

NICHOLAS ROBERTSON.

It is only right to add that we have omitted from the foregoing letter the paragraph dealing with the scale of remuneration, on the ground that its astonishing liberality might be regarded with incredulity by sceptical readers.



THE MOVING STAIRWAY SYSTEM APPLIED TO THE DIVING-BOARD, GREAT ASSISTANCE TO THE TIMOROUS PLUNGER.

me!" or, even in circumstances of great provocation, "Blow it!" Or, again, "Can a good theologian play a scratch game?" or "Minor Prophets and *plus* Players." I think, also, there is something to be made of "Slices of Life," "The Judicious Hooker, why so called," and "The Paradox of 'the Good Lie.'"

Lawn tennis at the first blush does not offer such a wealth of ethical suggestion. But I feel sure that your acute intelligence will discover a fruitful mine of edifying discourse in a game which starts on the noble and charitable basis of "Love all." Again, a student of psychical phenomena like yourself can hardly fail to connect Mixed Doubles with the engrossing problems of multiple consciousness. Lastly, I may suggest to your consideration the question of underhand service, and whether it can be (1) justified on the plea of efficiency, or (2) reconciled with the dictates of the Nonconformist conscience.

hat-trick in a Test match. But all these things happened in the good old days. It is not easy to rejoice now. Records are getting so confoundingly complicated and obscure. A few weeks ago there was a new one established in a Test match between South Africa and Australia. It was given very decent head-lines. Messrs. KELLAWAY and BARDSLEY, it appears, made 242 for the third wicket, and the reader went on to learn—with growing excitement—that this was a record Third-Wicket stand for International cricket. It may have been eclipsed in the case of all the other nine wickets for aught I know. It must have been eclipsed frequently by other first-class Third-Wicket stands. (I am sorry the style is getting so cumbersome and over-weighted, but you see what a complicated affair it all is.) But there it was—positively the best International Third-Wicket stand, even defeating the historic occasion at Melbourne in 1894 when J. T. Brown and

CRICKET RECORDS.

It all used to be so simple—long ago. Some one (probably W. G. GRACE) made the highest score that had ever been made; or some one else (very likely W. W. REED) went in first and carried out his bat, which had never been done before; or a bowler (ALFRED SHAW, perhaps) took all ten wickets for the first time. Very well. A record was established, and we were all very happy about it. Then there came a day when W. G.—I am sure I am right this time—made two centuries in the same match, and again we rejoiced. And it was fine when we first had a



SCENE—The village glee party rehearsing.

The Conductor (who has had occasion to find fault with the tenor on many occasions). "Noo, LOOK HERE, MR. McSPURT, IF YE'RE TAE SING TENOR SING TENOR, AN' IF YE'RE TAE SING BASS SING BASS, BUT LET'S HAE NANE O' YER SHANDY-GAFF."

A. WARD made 210. But I am not excited, I am not even interested. Somehow I can work up no sort of enthusiasm for the Third Wicket. It is hopelessly intermediate. It is simply one of a series. The First Wicket, if you will; the Last Wicket, by all means. But the Third!

I suppose the game is no fun—for the journalists—unless there are records to break. By now every good thing has been often well done, and they must go far a-field. I think we shall be quite safe in giving a few prophetic examples, culled from the London Press of the years to come, of how it will work in the future:—

June, 1931.—"In reviewing the cricket of the past week our attention is claimed at the outset by the new record that was established at Old Trafford in the seventeenth Test Match of this summer's Octagonal Tournament. The two Canadian batsmen, Hopwith and Pragg, in the second innings put on no fewer than 93 runs for the ninth wicket. This is the biggest Ninth Wicket stand ever recorded

at Old Trafford, in an International Match, on a wet wicket, in the month of June—though, as our readers need not be reminded, it has been exceeded seven times on other grounds, four times on drier wickets, and twice in other months—the first time at Pretoria in 1917, when . . ." (and so on through the list).

August, 1935.—"Two separate centuries in the same match! The young Wiltshire amateur who has thus enrolled himself among the chosen few who have accomplished this fine feat must be a happy man to-night. For the thing has only been done 365 times in first-class cricket. A full list of those who have shared this record will be published as a special supplement with to-morrow's paper."

July, 1941.—"It was an historic innings, setting up as it did a new record. For Pittleworth's score of 196 was actually the highest individual score ever made in a Yorkshire-Surrey match, on a Saturday, by a player whose name begins with a P."

July, 1946.—"A correspondent writes

to remind me, by the way—not that I had forgotten—that Wurdle's feat in taking all ten wickets at Lord's at the same end within an hour sets up a new record. This has never before been done by a bowler in brown boots. He has our heartiest congratulations."

August, 1987.—"With 203 on the board and his own score at 56 Hulligan cut the ball to the boundary and instantly a yell of applause went up from all parts of the ground. The batsman had to bow his acknowledgments on every side and it was some time before the game could be resumed. For with that hit a new record had been established. Never before had any batsman made a thousand runs in first-class cricket between the 26th of June and the 7th of August."

It can be overdone. I feel that something a little more simple and direct might bring refreshment to my own drooping interest in the great game—as, for instance, that some one had hit the slow bowler down the pavilion chimney or taken two wickets with the same ball.

THE HEIR.

II.—HE MEETS HIS GODFATHERS.

THOMAS and Simpson arrived by the twelve-thirty train, and Myra and I drove down in the wagonette to meet them. Myra handled the ribbons ("handled the ribbons"—we must have that again) while I sat on the box-seat and pointed out any traction-engines and things in the road. I am very good at this.

"I suppose," I said, "there will be some sort of ceremony at the station? The station-master will read an address while his little daughter presents a bouquet of flowers. You don't often get two godfathers travelling by the same train. Look out," I said, as we swung round a corner, "there's an ant coming."

"What did you say? I'm so sorry, but I listen awfully badly when I'm driving."

"As soon as I hit upon anything really good I'll write it down. So far I have been throwing off the merest trifles. When we are married, Myra—"

"Go on; I love that."

"When we are married we shan't be able to afford horses, so we'll keep a couple of bicycles, and you'll be able to hear everything I say. How jolly for you."

"All right," said Myra quietly.

There was no formal ceremony on the platform, but I did not seem to feel the want of it when I saw Simpson stepping from the train with an enormous Teddy-bear under his arm.

"Hallo, dear old chap," he said, "here we are. You're looking at my bear. I quite forgot it until I'd strapped up my bags, so I had to bring it like this. It squeaks," he added as if that explained it. "Listen," and the piercing roar of the bear resounded through the station.

"Very fine. Hallo, Thomas."

"Hallo," said Thomas, and went to look after his luggage.

"I hope he'll like it," Simpson went on. "Its legs move up and down." He put them into several positions and then squeaked it again. "Jolly, isn't it?"

"Ripping," I agreed. "Who's it for?"

He looked at me in astonishment for a moment.

"My dear old chap, for the baby."

"Oh, I see. That's awfully nice of you. He'll love it." I wondered if Simpson had ever seen a month-old baby. "What's its name?"

"I've been calling it Duncan in the train, but of course he will want to choose his own name for it."

"Well, you must talk it over with him to-night after the ladies have gone to bed. How about your luggage? We mustn't keep Myra waiting."

"Hallo, Thomas," said Myra, as we came out. "Hallo, Samuel. Hooray!"

"Hallo, Myra," said Thomas. "All right?"

"Myra, this is Duncan," said Simpson, and the shrill roar of the bear rang out once more.

Myra, her mouth firm, but smiles in her eyes, looked down lovingly at him. Sometimes I think that she would like to be Simpson's mother. Perhaps, when we are married, we might adopt him.

"For Baby?" she said, stroking it with her whip. "But he won't be allowed to take it into church with him, you know. No, Thomas, I won't have the luggage next to me; I want someone to talk to. You come."

Inside the wagonette Simpson squeaked his bear at intervals, while I tried to prepare him for his coming introduction to his godson. Having known the baby for nearly a week, and being to some extent in Myra's confidence, I felt quite the family man beside Simpson.

"You must try not to be disappointed with his looks," I said. "Anyway, don't let Dahlia think you are. And if you want to do the right thing say that he's just like Archie. Archie doesn't mind this for some reason."

"Is he tall for his age?"

"Samuel, pull yourself together. He isn't tall at all. If he is anything he is long, but how long only those can say who have seen him in his bath. You do realise that he is only a month old?"

"My dear old boy, of course. One can't expect much from him. I suppose he isn't even toddling about yet?"

"No—no. Not actually toddling."

"Well, we can teach him later on. And I'm going to have a lot of fun with him. I shall show him my watch—babies always love that."

There was a sudden laugh from the front, which changed just a little too late into a cough. The fact is I had bet Myra a new golf-ball that Simpson would show the baby his watch within two minutes of meeting him. Of course it wasn't a certainty yet, but I thought there would be no harm in mentioning the make of ball I preferred. So I changed the conversation subtly to golf.

Amidst loud roars from the bear we drove up to the house and were greeted by Archie.

"Hallo, Thomas, how are you? Hallo, Simpson. Good heavens! I know that face. Introduce me, Samuel."

"This is Duncan. I brought him down for your boy to play with."

"Duncan, of course. The boy will love it. He's tired of me already. He proposes to meet his godfathers at 4 p.m. precisely. So you'll have nearly three hours to think of something genial to say to him."

We spent the last of the three hours playing tennis, and at 4 p.m. precisely the introduction took place. By great good luck Duncan was absent; Simpson would have wasted his whole two minutes in making it squeak.

"Baby," said Dahlia, "this is your Uncle Thomas."

"Hallo," said Thomas, gently kissing the baby's hand. "Good old boy," and he felt for his pipe.

"Baby," said Dahlia, "this is your Uncle Samuel."

As he leant over the child, I whipped out my watch and murmured, "Go!" 4 hrs. 1 min. 25 sec. I wished Myra had not taken my "two minutes" so literally, but I felt that the golf-ball was safe.

Simpson looked at the baby as if fascinated, and the baby stared back at him. It was a new experience for both of them.

"He's just like Archie," he said at last, remembering my advice. "Only smaller," he added.

4 hrs. 2 min. 7 sec.

"I can see you, baby," he said. "Goo-goo."

Myra came and rested her chin on my shoulder. Silently I pointed to the finishing place on my watch, and she gave a little gurgle of excitement. There was only one minute left.

"I wonder what you're thinking about," said Simpson to the baby. "Is it my glasses you want to play with?"

"Help!" I murmured. "This will never do."

"He just looks and looks. Ah! but his Uncle Samuel knows what Baby wants to see. (I squeezed Myra's arm. 4 hrs. 3 mins. 10 secs. There was just time). "I wonder if it's anything in his Uncle's waistcoat?"

"No!" whispered Myra to me in agony. "Certainly not."

"He shall see it if he wants to," said Simpson soothingly, and put his hand to his waistcoat pocket. I smiled triumphantly at Myra. He had five seconds to get the watch out—plenty of time.

"Bother," said Simpson, "I left it upstairs." A. A. M.

"Mr. Clarence W. Wells has lost by death a canary-goldfinch mule, hatched in June, 1888."—*Bedford Daily Circular*.

Our own bluetit-bustard zebra, spawned in 1878, has just turned into a chrysalis.

THE WOOLIN' O'T.

(Being the authorised version of the
Eugenist's Love-song.)

EYES of azure, eyes of hazel,
Ebon tresses, locks of gold,
Beauty, ocular or nasal—
These, beloved, leave me cold.
They are trifles, only skin-deep,
Unto nothing they amount:
Let us rather enter in deep
To the things that really count.

Why, then, has my love been fired so?
What has brought me to thy feet?
'Tis thy system I've admired so,
Thy anatomy, my sweet.
Harley Street has flocked to see thee
With its stethoscopes, and found
It could safely guarantee thee
Wholly, absolutely sound.

Here's a chart whereon are written
Beatings of my true love's heart:
Never was there seen in Britain
Such a model of a chart.
Up and down in faultless rhythm
Run the curves in ordered law
Bearing testimony with 'em
Of a heart without a flaw.

Charms like this thou hast in plenty;
I resolved to tempt the Fates
When I read thy five-and-twenty
Medical certificates.
Perfect as the heart between 'em
Are thy lungs, and liver too,
While thy matchless duodenum
Is the best that ever grew.

Doctors rave about thy pharynx,
They have scarcely words to tell
All the beauties of thy larynx
And thy bronchial tubes as well;
Thy digestive apparatus
Bids my soul its love confess—
Then let Science come and mate us!
Sweet-and-healthy, whisper Yes!

POPLAR BY THE SEA.

"EVER seen the sea before, Mister?"
asked the small boy who had been
grubbing about among the shingle.

"Once or twice. Have you?"

"Not afore yesterday," he replied.

"Ever been out in the *Saucy Polly*?"

"No, never in my life."

"Well, you've missed a fair treat,
Mister. Me and the others from the
camp went this mornin', and I was the
only one as didn't want to come back.
Which way's Gibberaltar?"

"Oh, over there somewhere—a long
way off. Why?"

"Got an uncle who's been there.
Never been in a boat at all?"

"Well, yes—but, you see, I wanted
to come back."



"OW WAS YER OUT, JERRY?"

"CAUGHT AND BOWLED, REUB."

"AH! THEN THEY 'AD YER BOTH WAYS, EH?"

"Better not spend the tanner on the
Saucy Polly, p'raps. You'd be all right
on the pier, though."

"Where is your home?" I asked,
taking my turn as questioner.

"Poplar," he replied.

"Then you've heard all about the
sea, I suppose, if you haven't seen it
before?"

"Look, see this?" and he pulled a
dead starfish from his pocket. "Goin'
to take that 'ome to young Ginger
Collins. 'E come 'ere last year, and
told me about it, and I punched 'im in
the jor for kiddin' me." He looked a
little shy; there was a suspicion of
regret in his tone.

"Bit of a liar, eh?" I asked.

"Not 'im," retorted my acquaintance.
"I thought 'e was, but 'e wasn't after
all. Couldn't come this year, so I'm
takin' 'im a present—see, Mister?"

I saw.

"See this?" He pointed to a scratch
on his cheek. "That was a near go,
that was. The bloke as 'elps the boat-

man shove the boats out done that
yesterday."

"How was that?" I asked.

"I was tellin' 'im what London was
like, Mister."

"Perhaps he'll give you a present
when he goes to London and finds
that what you've told him is true," I
suggested.

"True? Yus, I don't think!" he
replied with a grin.

The Decadence of Cricket.

"The innings might have been concluded at
4.34 had Denton been able to take a very difficult
catch which Kennedy offered him at mid-on.
However, an easier chance came seven runs later,
and the innings was over at half-past twelve."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

Seven runs in eight hours; something
must really be done about it.

The Pioneer on Sleeping Sickness:—

"Human beings acquire the disease from
biting flies."

An amusement we have never gone in
for.



PLEASURES OF CAMPING.

Camper (on left). "Push! YOU ASS; DON'T PULL!"

THE INHUMAN BOY.

[A portrait of the best boy, both at home and at school, of the entire population of —, recently appeared in *The Daily Lens*.]

CHILD of a great and gorgeous opportunity,
Whose portrait looms to England as the best
Boy of a large and virtuous community—
A claim upheld, they say, by every test;
Model of all that's calm, severe, and steady
To wicked Thomas or unmoral Jack,
Most worthy youth, O almost reverend Freddy,
Lord, how I envy you when I look back!

For I—despite the past, I say this boldly—
Was such another; I too had a strong
Bias tow'rd's putting off temptation coldly,
With an uncanny loathing of the wrong;
Urbane and clean, with trim locks neatly parted,
Good at my books, obedient to the bone,
That is the sort that I was when I started,
And, with your luck, that's how I should have grown.

But in my time a youthful zeal for virtue
Had small encouragement. Your powerful peers
(Is it so still?) combined to sting and hurt you,
And no publicity assuaged your tears.
To hold that quality a thing rewarded
By its own self, no doubt, is very fine;
But, when your merit's wholly unrecorded,
There, in pure self-respect, I draw the line.

Small wonder, Frederick, if results so chilling
Weakened my moral fibres one by one;
Partly, I ceased to find the struggle thrilling;
Partly, I hate the thought of being done.

And if by slow degrees I fell, and drifted
Down to the level of my comrades, you,
Unless, of course, you're even better gifted,
(Of which I'm doubtful) would have done so too.

But, with a modern Press, to-day your story
Has set all England ringing with your fame;
A simple worth has lifted you to glory,
And boys with bated breath pronounce your name.
Solely by virtue of your moral status,
Men see your very photograph; a bard
May grind for years at the divine afflatus
And never reach that rapture—which is hard.

Still, may you prosper. There is much that promises
Well for you, Frederick, if you risk no fall.
Don't heed what naughty John or evil Tommy says;
You stick to goodness, and you'll do them all.
Be good, sweet child, and let who can be funny;
But—just a word from one who ought to know—
When you're a good young man and making money,
Don't overdo it, or you'll find it slow.

DUM-DUM.

"Stringer, the Little Dormington terror, sent down a most 'erratic' over. The first ball was a sort of streak-lightning wide, the second hit the batsman on the forearm, the third was a 'no-ball,' the fourth was fluked through the slips for four, the fifth was another 'wide,' and the sixth touched the edge of the bat and came at lightning speed between Mark and Mabel."—*Red Magazine*.

A very erratic over, seeing that it was three balls short.

"I am certain that the language of General Panegyric would be more distasteful to Sir Edward Cook than to anybody."

Lord Morley as reported in "*The Daily Chronicle*."

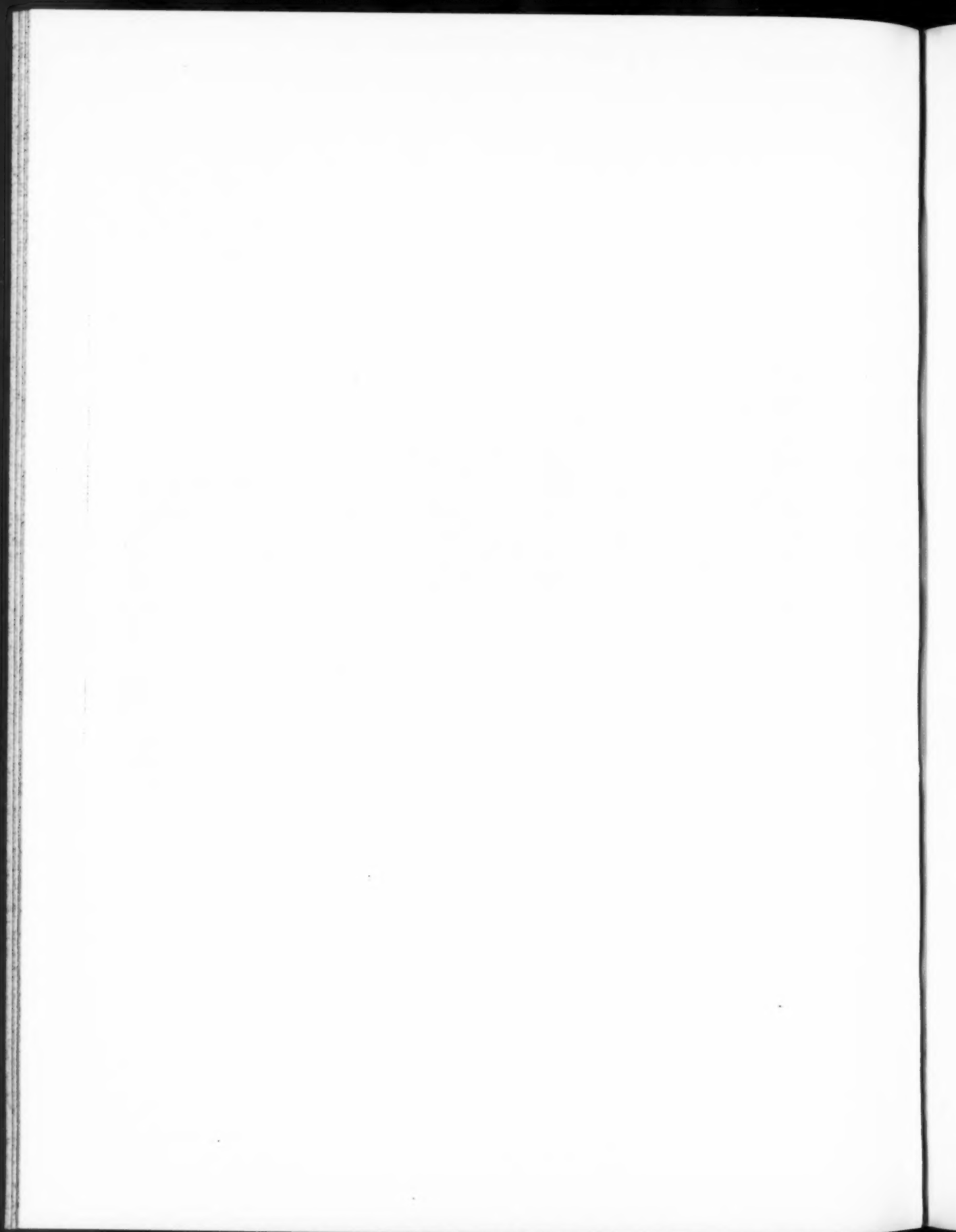
The language of these military gentlemen is notoriously strong.



TEMPORARY STOPPING.

THE THREE BILLS. "I SAY, WE'VE BEEN WAITING HERE FOR WEEKS AND WEEKS. WHEN'S HE GOING TO FINISH US?"

MASTER OF ELIBANK (*the dentist's butler*). "MR. ASQUITH'S COMPLIMENTS, AND HE'S FORTOTTEN ALL ABOUT YOU TILL OCTOBER."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 29.—Thirty-four years ago Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, scornfully regarding poor SCLATER-BOOTH, whom he could not abear, observed, "Remarkable how often we find mediocrity with a double-barrelled name." The aside caught fresh charm from fact, momentarily overlooked by the speaker, that RANDOLPH SPENCER-CHURCHILL was numbered among the class denounced.

In present Parliament owners of double-barrelled names distinguish themselves in new way. They assume that, having twice as many names as average Member, they may ask four times as many questions *per diem*. Tendency marked in increasing degree by LOCKER-LAMPSON and LANE-FOX. WORTHINGTON-EVANS takes the shine out of them all. Remembering SPEAKER's modest objection to a Member even with a double-barrelled name placing on the paper more than eight questions, he nominally had to-day only seven. By ingenuity and dexterous use of the blessed phrase, "And whether," he fired off no fewer than seventeen—this not counting supplementaries.

Certain monotony about the business. Plan simple. Execution easy. When shaving, brushing his abundant hair, taking his walks abroad, or otherwise enjoying opportunity for meditation, W.-E. thinks out hypothetical difficulties arising from working of Insurance Act, throws them into form of conundrum, and asks CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER to guess the answer. Surely in vain is the net spread in sight of any bird, more especially one as wary as LLOYD GEORGE. He passes on the riddle to SECRETARY FOR TREASURY, who perhaps knows more about the Act than does the author of its being.

This disappointing. But a Ministerial answer is forthcoming and certain measure of time wasted.

MASTERMAN had his revenge when, later, moving in Committee of Supply vote on account of salaries and expenses of Insurance Commissioners he dilated on working of Act through its first fortnight. Things going on swimmingly. Ten millions and a half insured persons have become members of Approved Societies. In first week of operation of Act sixteen and a half million of stamps were bought and, presumably, licked. In brief, MASTERMAN testified that "the Act is working with smoothness and celerity."

Discussion interrupted by stroke of ten o'clock. At the signal, guillotine dragged in. Votes passed as quickly as they could be put from the Chair.

All Opposition could do was to challenge occasional divisions. These disclosed notable condition of affairs that wreathed rotund countenance of MASTER OF ELIBANK with a smile unfamiliar since noon last Friday. On afternoon of that day BALCARRES worked out little plot almost crowned with complete success. At quarter past twelve as Ministerialists sauntered in, themselves guileless, unsuspecting of depravity in others, the Opposition Whip, having his men at hand, sprang a division on a technical point of procedure. Result: Ministerial majority run down to three.



"Seventeen questions."

(Mr. WORTHINGTON-EVANS.)

Not the sort of game to be played twice in a week. To-day Ministerialists flocked in full number. Majority reinstated in excess of customary 100, on one division running up to 405.

Business done.—Supply being wound up. Sixty-eight millions sterling voted in less than sixty-eight minutes.

Tuesday.—Odd mischance that at a time when vast majority of population of Ireland are being drawn closer to their neighbour across the Channel the union with Scotland should be imperilled. It was Viscount WOLMER who revealed the chasm upon which Empire stands.

As he grows in years this statesman becomes more dangerous to the Government he was returned to oppose. Opened sitting by insisting upon know-

ing whether Land policy of Ministers includes what is known as the Single Tax. PREMIER briefly replied in the negative.

This triumph would have satisfied lesser men. Tireless in pursuit of national interests WOLMER fixed his eagle eye on SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND. Last Thursday, when question of Scottish Estimates was raised on motion for adjournment, WOLMER, glancing round House, as is his custom of an afternoon, with intent to see that all things are in order and every man in his place, noted absence of SCOTTISH SECRETARY. What he now wanted to know was (a) Why was MACKINNON WOOD absent on this particular occasion? (b) Did he intend in future to be at his post when matters concerning Scotland came under discussion?

With meekness not excelled by PRIME MINISTER, SCOTCH SECRETARY explained his absence on Thursday and promised amendment for the future.

Here subject about to drop when suddenly, unexpectedly, PIRIE rushed in. Had listened with some impatience to WOLMER's interpellation. Noble Lord is not a Scotchman; does not even sit for Scotch constituency. Comes no nearer the Border than Lancashire. Aberdeen had inalienable right to deal with the matter, and as its duly elected Member PIRIE voiced its desire for information.

"Is it not the case," he asked, "that, whilst Mr. HOGGE was going all the way in denunciation of Ministerial conduct of the Scotch Estimates, the SECRETARY was in the Lobby sniggering at the Hon. Member?"

MACKINNON WOOD attempted to take refuge in guilty silence. PIRIE not to be put off by that ignoble device. "Will he reply?" he sternly asked.

Thus adjured, SCOTCH SECRETARY, not being on his oath, answered in the negative. No use, if there were opportunity, of carrying matter further. So with solemn injunction to "mend his manners" the Member for North Aberdeen let the culprit off.

Incident created profound sensation. Since the not unfamiliar historical episode of NERO continuing violin exercise whilst his Capital was in flames, there has been nothing to equal this painful exhibition of the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND "sniggering in the Lobby" what time Scottish Members uplifted their voice in protest against attempt to smuggle their country's Estimates through Committee of Supply.

Business done.—Indian Budget expounded in excellent speech by UNDER SECRETARY.

Thursday.—House, always grateful for any diversion from drudgery of work, watches with interest a competition scarcely less exciting than those between candidates for an Olympic record. The men are PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE, IRISH SECRETARY and FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY. The game is to see which can rattle off at quickest rate more or less lengthy answers typed on sheets of foolscap.

At outset running seemed to lie between ST. AUGUSTINE and SYDNEY BUXTON, the former being favourite by a trifle. MASTERMAN regarded by the bookies as rank outsider. With fuller practice and closer training he has gradually crept up. Begins to disturb confidence of backers of his colleagues. Can do 180 words a minute. Evidently bent on accomplishing the round 200.

Common result in case of all three competitors. So distracting is their speed that Members have only remote idea of purport of gabbled phrases. This of less consequence as nine-tenths of questions demanding oral reply are not drafted with desire to obtain information. Members therefore free to devote attention to prowess and prospects of the competitors. Make up their books accordingly. At present odds tend in favour of MASTERMAN.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read second time.

THE PEST.

ALL the year round Johnson's sporting instincts are a nuisance to me, but when the wasp-knifing season is on they are a positive terror. For the rest of the year I, his London co-tenant, suffer only from the relation of his exploits, and, after all, one is not bound to listen. But when there is an enthusiast on the move with a bread-knife it is neither safe nor convenient to continue one's meal unconcerned, especially if one wants a little bread. The other morning at breakfast the first wasp made its appearance, and Johnson thereupon became impossible.

He started operations with his napkin, using it, as one uses the red rag in a bull-fight, to exasperate the victim to a proper state of fury. Meanwhile, benefiting by the experience of past years, I gathered the marmalade jar to myself and concealed it behind the coffee pot, over which it is my custom to preside. (Johnson's dictum, that marmalade is called a Preserve to indicate that it is primarily intended for sporting purposes, is one of those jests

that do not contain a word of truth.) After a little fruitless skirmishing on his part, "For goodness' sake sit down," I said.

Suppressing as far as he could the joy of battle, he said that what he did he did solely for my good, and asked me if I wanted to be stung.

"I really don't know that I should mind," I said.

"Mind? You have no idea what you're saying. Have you ever been stung?"

"No," I said. "Have you?" I knew that my only hope of distracting Johnson was to start him talking about himself. "Put down your napkin and tell me all about it."

"Once upon a time," he began, gradually acquiescing, "I too was

me of is, I am sure you will agree with me, a really important sting. What did it feel like?"

"It felt . . . But where is that marmalade? Quick, we must snare the fellow by subtlety and cunning."

I put a retentive hand on the marmalade jar (a sufficiently unpleasant thing to have to do) and fixed a severe eye on Johnson. To concentrate his attention needed all my personal magnetism.

"I insist upon being told all about that sting," I said mesmerically.

"It wasn't so much the injury as the insult," he continued reluctantly. "It was a half-asleep wasp that did it, an impudent fellow who had got into my tobacco pouch, which is strictly reserved for tobacco, and dared to

resent my intrusion. And above all was the sickening thought of my lost prestige. Now that one insolent, comatose, and possibly intoxicated insect had dared to attack me, others were bound to lose their respect and do the same. It was the beginning of the rising of the masses, the thin end of the wedge."

"Of the wasp," I corrected.

"Both," said Johnson. "Anyhow, I was incensed and amazed."

It was because my hypnotic eye was fixed on him that his attention was so long held. It was for the same reason that the Initial Cause of All the Trouble did very much as it liked meanwhile round about the marmalade jar and neighbourhood . . .

"Dash it," I said hurriedly and bitterly, as I killed the little brute with one indignant blow.

Johnson was carried away by the pure enthusiasm of a zealot over the conversion of a heretic. "Good," he declared, "I am glad to see the militant spirit awaking in you. The other wasp, also deceased, of which I was telling you . . ."

"I never want to hear of that or any wasp again," I interrupted him. "I am sick of the whole race."

"But I have never even told you what it feels like to be stung."

"I know," I said shortly, "now."

Johnson leant against the mantelpiece the better to enjoy his triumph.

"No," I said at once, "anything but that. The worst has undoubtedly happened, but, nevertheless, let it be clearly understood that if I have to suffer further from the activities of someone, I would, on experience, choose that they were the activities of the wasp rather than of yourself."

And so I come to my point. It is Johnson who is The Pest.



BELL GLASSES FOR BEAUX.

CALCULATED TO PRODUCE THE MUCH-ADMIRED TAN IN A ONE-DAY TRIP.

foolish and idle and callous in the matter of wasps. I, as you do, regarded wasp-stings as regrettable incidents in other people's lives, which were apt to get magnified in the telling . . ."

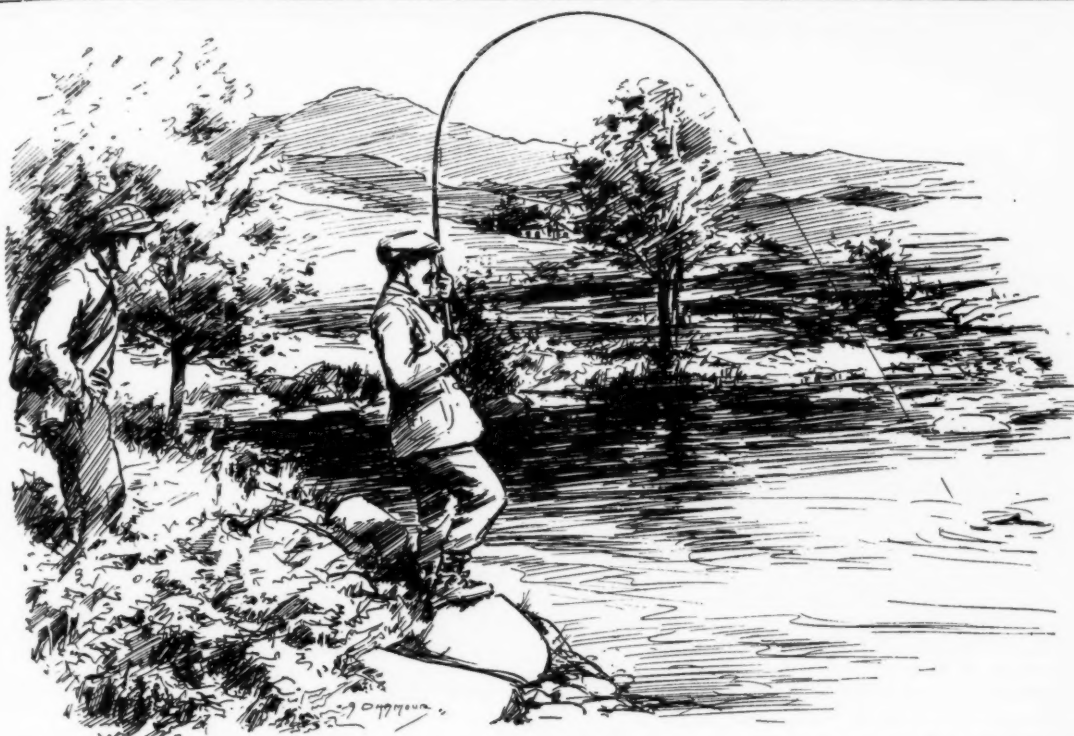
The narrative was interrupted.

"Yes," I said, picking up the toast-rack off the floor but not despairing of my ultimate purpose, "go on; I am absorbed."

"Having lived for twenty years unstung, I came to believe that I was unstingable. I was contemptuous of the whole matter and regarded myself as one apart, above such things . . . Then came the first sting. It left me a changed . . ."

This time I picked up the toast merely and let the rack remain on the floor. The wasp retired to the window again, hurt but not physically.

"Do, I beg of you, continue your narrative," I said; "for, though others may have suffered, this you are telling



Young Angler (who, accompanied by the village loafer during several unproductive days, has at last hooked a big fish). "GET THE GAFF READY, SANDY!" Sandy. "I DIDNA BRING'T THE DAY; I THOUGHT YE WADNA BE NEEDIN' IT."

THE BETTER PART.

[It is pointed out that motoring, by producing appetite without affording exercise, is a great cause of fatness.]

FULL often Envy made me sad,
As (Fortune favouring not the just)
I humbly fared afoot, and had
To masticate Sir Mammon's dust.
Whene'er his horn said "Scoot," right
hot
And angry was I as I scot.

"It must be really fine," I thought,
"When one goes forth to take the
air,
To travel like a Juggernaut
Apparelled like a Teddy Bear."
I hoped some day to me might come
Propulsion by Petroleum.

But now I've put such thoughts afar.
No more I burn with envious heat;
Mammon can keep his motor car,
And I propose to keep my feet.
I would not give a single thank
For all the cars in England (swank).

For I am graceful, lissom, slim,
While he, returning home at night
And bringing (as he does) with him
A wholly unearned appetite,
Is quickly forced thereby to be
A prey to adiposity.

I think, now Sirius rules the sky,
How, scant of breath but big of belt,
He vainly seeks for means whereby
His "too too solid flesh may melt,"
And realize that I have got
The better part, the happier lot.

SPORTING PROSPECTS.

Report from our own Moor.

I.—FUR.

THE Black Rabbit has been seen twice in the Home Close, and is reported to be in the best of health and as sprightly as ever. With careful placing of the guns, two days' excellent sport seem assured—a morning in the long grass winding up with a jolly afternoon with the spade and "better luck next time," and a rousing morning to and fro along the hedgerow (mounted meet) concluding with lunch, a cordial vote of thanks to all concerned, and *Auld Lang Syne* all together.

The Leveret, so heartily cheered to the echo last autumn, has not returned to see what it was all about, as hoped.

II.—FEATHER.

The gap in the Parson's fence still escapes his notice, and the Buff Orpington brood come through to feed regularly on Fridays.

The Rook built well, and is still on

the spot. It is proposed to drive the bird from the N.E. corner of the ground next Equinox, placing the guns as usual on the roof.

The female Pheasant, who became such a pet with the children on off days last season, and kept her eye in by putting up a very creditable imitation of a partridge on otherwise blank days in September, seems, like so many others, to have found better food elsewhere. The gardener's boy, who was entrusted with the raisins, repeatedly came back with his mouth too full for words.

The Wild Duck is wilder than ever, and seems to have got completely out of hand. It will be difficult to make a full day of her, unless the guns are taken a long way round.

* * * * *
Prospects on the whole less cheerful than last year. Plenty of cartridges left over as usual, but invitations very scarce and difficult to rear; there has also been an ominous absence of poachers. The yellow dog licence will require renewing—this time without the option. The check suit should be turned on either flank, and a couple of stops put at the ends of the grease boots. It is most annoying to find that someone has again been using the Game Register to check the washing.

THE SPEECH DAY.

(Communicated by one of the Audience.)

DAD and Mum were going to the Speeches at Dad's old School, but almost at the last moment Mum couldn't go, so Dad wrote to the Head Master's wife and asked if he might bring me instead, and she wrote back a very kind letter and said Yes, certainly, I was to come. Dad said, "You're not a boy, but perhaps you'd like to see the old place where your father spent some of his happiest days," and I said, "Right-O," and when Dad asked me where I learnt that expression I told him everybody said it, but he told me not to do it again.

Well, when the day came, off we started at about ten o'clock, for we had a good long way to go. There were a great many black clouds about, so we both took umbrellas, and of course it didn't rain. When we got to the place, Dad said we had a few minutes to spare before we had to go to the luncheon, so he took me to the playing field, where we met a very jolly clergyman with whom he used to be at school, and they laughed and joked together about the old days and all the things they used to do and all the mischief and the scrapes they got into, just as if he hadn't been a clergyman at all—but somebody once told me that clergymen when they were young were always as bad as anybody else. I don't quite believe that, though, for if everything was quite true that Dad told me about himself that day nobody could have been quite as bad as he was, and he isn't a clergyman. Nearly all the places he showed me were places where he had done wrong things. He showed me (1) the place where he had a fight with another boy: he hit the other boy in the eye, and the other boy hit him in the mouth; (2) the place where he smoked a cigarette which he didn't like, but he thought it was a fine thing to do and one of the masters caught him doing it and reported him; (3) the place where the Head Master whacked him on the hand with a birch so as to cure him of smoking, but he was only cured for a time and has broken out again since; (4) the window from which he poured a jugful of water on a policeman's head, because the policeman would keep talking to somebody and Dad couldn't go to sleep; and a good many other places where he said he had distinguished himself. One was where he broke another boy's collar-bone playing football; but he said he didn't mean to do that. I asked Dad if there were any places where he had done good things, and he told me they were too numerous to pick out and I must imagine them. I must say the clergyman was nearly as bad.

Well, at last the time came and we went into the School House, where the Head Master lives, and we were shown into the drawing-room; but I didn't see any canes or birches about anywhere. It was rather formidable, for all the other ladies and gentlemen in the room were much older than me (I'm just going to be thirteen), but they were all very kind to me, especially the Head Master's wife. Then we went in to the dining-room to lunch, and a gentleman, who said he was older than Dad, gave me his arm and took me in just as if I'd been grown up. He and I talked a good deal during lunch, and he kept putting good things on to my plate. The sweets were splendid.

After this we went off to the School buildings. The speeches—but they weren't speeches really: it was all acting—were in the big schoolroom, which was crammed full of boys and fathers and mothers and sisters, and they were all smiling and looking very happy, and the boys cheered everybody and everything tremendously. I thought they were never going to stop. First there was some Greek acting, which they did in evening dress—long-tail coats and white ties and patent leather shoes—but it was very funny,

and everybody understood it quite well because it was all explained in the programmes. It was about Suffragettes who had stolen their husbands' clothes and put on false beards, but at last their husbands came and carried them off in their arms, so they didn't seem to get on very well in Greece either. Then there was a French piece, and last of all a bit of *Twelfth Night*; where they make a fool of poor *Malvolio*. I knew all about this because we had read it in our own school, and I liked it very much; but Dad said he could never care for it himself because they all behaved so badly to *Malvolio*, who was a gentleman after all. He said it always made him feel as if he had eaten a spoonful of ice-cream and found that the salt had got into it. I've done that myself and it isn't nice.

After the speeches came the prize-giving—heaps and heaps of beautiful books which were piled up on a table; and they got Dad up on the platform and made him give some of them. He was very different then. He made a speech, and talked about discipline and all the things the boys must do if they were to be really good boys and be a credit to their school and their country; and they all clapped their hands and cheered, the clergyman too. I saw him doing it. After this we had a very good tea, with any amount of different cakes, and raspberries and cream, and Dad sat next the daughter of one of his old school-fellows who had once run away from school because he didn't want to learn the Thirty-nine Articles. He afterwards became a general in India. Then we said good-bye and walked to the station. Dad said he felt as if he was taking Cinderella home after her ball, and I think I know what he meant.

POUR PRENDRE CONGÉ.

DEAR, when I note your "higher education,"

Your hockey prowess and your skill at golf,
I realize my sorry situation—

My chance of winning you, I see, is off.

But, could we only once again be carried

Back to the days ere womankind was "freed,"

We would within a month or two be married,

We would indeed.

For I should only have to seek your father,

Tell him his daughter pleased my amorous whim,

Beg for your hand, and forthwith (in the rather

Improbable event of pleasing him)

You would be mine. I should not need to flatter,

Court and cajole you every passing day;

His word would settle it, my dear, no matter

What you might say.

Or, were he harsh, a few soft, tender speeches,

A little rhapsody on blighted hope,

And you (my reading of romances teaches)

Would make your simple mind up to elope,

Soothing my tendency to melancholy

By fleeing with me at the dead of night,

A course which now you'd deem the rankest folly

(And you are right!)

So since, romantic practices eschewing,

You modern maidens always want to know

The income of the man who comes a-wooing,

And mine is so preposterously low,

Accept this valedictory effusion

From one whom Cupid's latter ways compel

To lead a life of celibate seclusion.

Phyllis, farewell.



Wife. "YOU'VE MADE ME LOOK PRETTY FOOLISH, GEORGE. I SHALL BE THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF ALL THOSE HORRID WORK-PEOPLE AS I DRIFT PAST THE FACTORY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM is a writer from whose books I almost always derive unmixed entertainment; therefore I was just a little startled and even worried to find in the advertisement of his latest, *The Red Hand of Ulster* (SMITH, ELDER), the sinister warning, "This is a political novel." To save you from a similar shock, I will say at once that whatever your political convictions they are unlikely to be seriously outraged by a story in which the author's peculiar gifts of light-hearted fun and half-serious satire have never once deserted him. Yet on the face of it, to write a tale in which Belfast's rebellion against the rebels should be shown as a working reality, and carried to a grimly humorous finish, was a task of difficulty and danger. I hardly think it could have been better done. The characters, it is explained, though "necessarily placed in the positions occupied by living men," must not be taken as representing any real person. This, however, will not interfere with your appreciation of such episodes as that in which a certain privy-councillor, called *Babberley*, having all along advocated armed resistance, is so shocked and outraged at his advice being taken, that he dashes from Belfast to Trafalgar Square, and, in a wild attempt to prevent bloodshed, addresses a Labour demonstration on "the murder of working men by the hired

mercenaries of the capitalist classes." This is a sample of the incidents to which the revolution gives rise; the actual fighting is told with the most jovial and exciting zest; and the end leaves you breathless. Mr. BIRMINGHAM in short has proved himself too good a novelist (and sportsman) to spoil his fun, even in the domain of controversy.

At both ends of his book Mr. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN is at great pains to make a spirited protest against a point of view long since defunct, and to resist a charge of impropriety that none would urge against him. We do not, in these enlightened days, maintain that no love affair which has failed to culminate in matrimony duly solemnized is fit to be discussed; and those of us who have a sneaking regard for lovers who marry and pluckily go through with it are not such extremists as to deserve the invective of his dedicatory note or lengthy postscript. Without these, I should never have known that I was reading a story "devoutly founded in ideas repugnant to British virtue." This is it: *Stephen Gaunt*, having previously begotten (in what he calls a moment of inconsiderate passion) and forgotten (in a mood which he does not explain) a son, returns, at the opening of the story, to discover that this boy, a tiresome child, has been taken in and kept for thirteen years by his brother *Jacob*. The question arises, and is discussed at full length, shall the boy be told? *Stephen* ultimately decides, amidst the applause of the

minor characters, that he shall. Even so, there is little to blush at, but there is less when his failure to make an honest woman of the dead mother is amply explained, if not justified. What annoys is the lack of sportsmanship shown by *Stephen* and the author; by the one in his ingratitude, by the other in his injustice, to *Jacob*. Un-generous, on the face of it, *Jacob* was not, and for myself I found him less of a prig about his premeditated righteousness than *Stephen* was about his casual paternity. On the whole I cannot appreciate the fitness of the title, *Bright Shame* (STANLEY PAUL). I missed both the shame and the brightness.

When DANIEL CHAUCER, in the preface to his so delightfully Puckish book, *The New Humpty-Dumpty* (LANE), describes himself as a breeder of shorthorns, writing to pass the time, how are we to know he isn't just pulling our legs? But when he tells us that it was his publisher who christened the book we can see that he frankly wants to give that astute man away. Because it's a rotten title. The Russo-Scot, *Sergius Mihailovitch*, Count Macdonald, is a new Quixote, a dear, brave, impracticable, even preposterous person, but with nothing whatever Humpty-Dumptyish about him. He leaves a Grand Duke's service, ostensibly to become managing director of an American motor-car company in London, really to engineer the restoration of the King of Galizia. The marked card in the game is played by one Mr. Pett, a malicious travesty of an ex-Fabian (and meant, I should judge, for an actual caricature), who is the professional economist and philosopher of the movement. The economics are not economical. Every inhabitant of Galizia has his price, and each is to be paid, in order to effect a progressive and bloodless counter-revolution. But *Sergius Mihailovitch* knows nothing of this and walks a white way of his own over calumny and misunderstanding to essential success and death. It is a rattling good story, not a bit in the Ruritanian manner; more whimsical and likely-unlikely. There's clever if extravagant satire in it, and it has some very engaging lively characters—perhaps rather too many of them. I think, too, that Mr. CHAUCER, distracted possibly by the shorthorns, has let *Sergius's* wife run away with him, always an immoral thing to do, and, in this instance, very destructive to the story. For there's such a thing as "key" even in a fantasia, and she seems out of it. The blameless episode between *Sergius* and *Lady Aldington* deserves (I speak as a decent philistine) a happier ending.

Mr. BERNARD CAPES has tackled a pretty stiff job in *Jessie Bazley* (CONSTABLE)—the fusion of romance proper with a story of sensational crime. It is a mixture which has sometimes been made successfully—there is *The Woman in White*, to name no other example—but for the

most part the characters in such yarns as introduce ever so slightly the sleuth-hound element are mere lay-figures and have no claim on our imaginative sympathy. After all, this is an age of specialisation, and why should we be doubly harrowed? In this particular case, too, the author has been a little unfair, for he gave us no indication for one hundred pages or so that he was about to dabble in such horrors as a secret society for the annihilation of millionaires. As soon as I discovered this the knowledge cast a cloud of unreality over *Jessie Bazley* and her protector *Roger Carnac*, both of whom I was trying to get to know and like. Mr. BERNARD CAPES is a remarkable stylist of the forceful kind. He stabs one with vivid adjectives, and he suffers intensely with the emotions of his characters; but I think he ought to admit (putting aside for a moment the difficulty I have mentioned above) that it is a little difficult to weep for a plutocrat who makes a mistress of an innocent girl whilst his wife is living, and a little incredible that a girl, however innocent, should

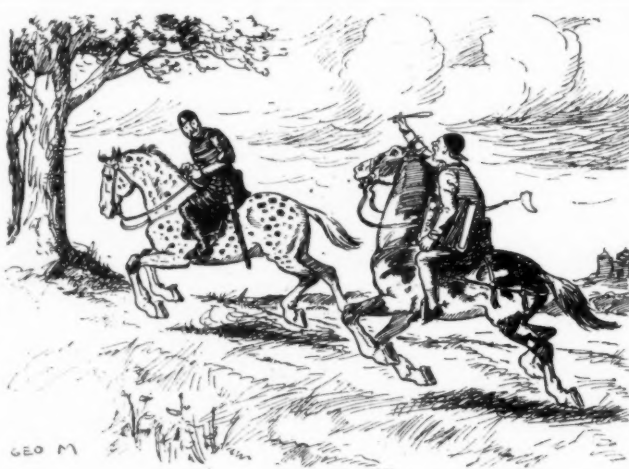
consent to live in the house of a man as his secretary when she has realised that there is no other woman in the establishment. Anyhow, whatever the cause and whether the fault was the author's or mine, I tried to agonise with him, and with his hero and heroine, but failed. And I am heartily sorry for this, for I have the greatest respect for Mr. CAPES.

Captain Grigg, the hero of *The Red Vintage* (CONSTABLE), was a Federal spy, and the main incidents of this stirring story are in the hair-breadth, fire-at-sight, hold-your-life-in-your-hand style. The

simple layman may well be astonished by secret-service men, and not invariably by their acuteness. Here, for instance, *Grigg's* intrepidity was rewarded by the scoring of several points for his side; but the credit of his exploits is tempered by the reflection that his chief rival would have been easily outwitted by an intelligent boy-scout. *Delia Coombs*, the heroine, was of course a whole-hearted Confederate; at least she was until she met the spy, and then her heart was punctured. *Grigg* (being less agile than his name suggests) got on very slowly with his wooing, but the conditions under which he had to make love were so parlous that I cannot bring myself to blame him. Every time he went to see *Delia* he was in danger of being arrested or shot, and that may well have placed an impediment on his tongue. For the development of *Delia's* character Mr. JOSEPH SHARTS deserves a special word of praise. Resisting the temptation to allow her to indulge in heroics, he has drawn a woman capable, in peculiarly trying circumstances, of acting not only with loyalty and courage, but also with reason and common sense.

The New Glove.

"Go'oshes were to be seen on every hand."—*Star*.



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